

\$0.75

WRONG- FANZINE

issue two





okay,

sometimes i think it all just comes down to instinct, to a biologically based decision that is made in a matter of seconds.

it comes when life gets as close to black and white as it will ever get, when your options are as cut and dry as they'll ever be. it's fight or flight, the ability to stand and deal with all the consequences, or the chance to turn and run. and i'll be honest, i find myself running all the time. i'm too careful in choosing my battles, i tend know what i believe, but turning those beliefs into any kind of action proves to be the real problem. **i guess when the time comes to take a stand, i choose to take a seat.** i don't know, maybe it's just self-preservation. you could probably call it a "weakness", i think that's fair. it's easy to choose up sides and your enemy, but then what? what's the next step? is there one at all? do i need to fight anymore? is there anything left dying for? i doubt it. it's fight or flight, it's the chance to be a hero and a savior. and i hate it, because i always run, it's just too easy to quit. **shit.....**

"I don't know....
a target, i guess."

----D.M.

COVER:
AVAIL

"So, what role do you think you will play in the revolution?"



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WRONG FANZINE & SPIRITUAL GUIDEBOOK

"Say we're bored and disaffected, well I wonder how we got that way..." --Down By Law

since this issue does not technically exist as i am writing this, i will not tell you to be sure to read this or that or whatever. at this point issue two exists only in my head, and there might be a good chance that it should have stayed there. but it didn't, cuz in the end it's all about self gratification. i did it for me. sorry.

i know some fairly decent people, and i know some incredible people. and it's starting to seem like the people that leave such an indelible impression are not convenient to me, geographically speaking. i can't help but feel really stifled at the moment, which is why a move of some sort seems rather imminent, and also seems like a very good idea. and, as it has been pointed out to me, moving to new jersey to go to school would increase my "incredible friend ratio" from one to, uhhh.. like two or three. maybe four. that is a massive improvement, numerically speaking. but in the meantime, you have this issue to keep you occupied. as with any efforts in my life, i'm kinda indifferent to it at the moment. it's ok, but there is always some room for improvement and growth. i'm sure hindsight will reveal some dreadful mistakes, but i do know that i honestly tried to keep this as varied and multi-dimensional as possible. i have seen too many people become trapped into living up to standards that they do not necessarily agree with or value, but do so because there really is nothing else for them to do. i don't want that to ever happen to me. i think it's imperative to always leave yourself some room to change, grow, and ultimately carve a new niche for yourself.

i made a short trip to ny/nj for a week this spring, and while i probably did not accomplish anything that could be deemed "earth shattering", i met some great people and truly valued the whole time. this issue is dedicated to mike ob and the rest of his "household", the rest of the manor farm family, mat gard for letting me see/smell/hear a radio riot first hand, and to daisy and mari for their babysitting duties whilst in n.y. you were all very good to me without really having to do so, thank you for everything.

oh, zine stuff. an interview with farside finally happened, so if you're interested it appears here. there are basically just a lot of other pages of crap that i felt were worth typing out. that's it. i have no ad policy yet, ads appear only when i support that which is being advertised and i think the ad is funny, cool, or inspiring. that is the criteria. as far as reviews go, i try to do everything i can to do as much as i can. i appreciate all the input i received from issue one, in a sense it was pretty overwhelming. thanks to everyone who took the time to write, you have no idea what your words meant. i guess maybe that's what this comes down to, what meaning i give to all of this. this issue was not as "urgent" as the last one, just because there are a hell of a lot of things going on in my life. for the first time, it seems that i really don't know where i'll be in three months. i just know who will be there for me, whether they are physically close to me or not. i know that much. otherwise, it's all up in the air. and honestly, i wouldn't have it any other way. change is good, frightening, and unavoidable. in other words, learn to live with it.

this zine is \$1.50 or \$1.00 and two stamps in n. america, or \$2.50 anywhere

else. distro rates are: 60 cents per zine in n. america, and \$1.00 per zine

everywhere else. tough shit. everything in here is done by me, and is the sole possession of obnoxious kid, inc. thank you.

WHAT'S GOING ON...

ok so this is all boring and general information that will continually be given on a strictly need to know basis. locally there is not a whole hell of alot going on. avail blazed in and out of town rather quickly in january, playing one show in santa barbara. they are without a doubt one of the best live bands i have ever seen (twice now) and if you have missed them due to your own lack of interest you should be shot. enough said. igby, who did some tape comps a while back, will be back with a so cal compilation that is being tentatively called "bringing it back" and is set to feature a whole lot of s.e./metal/hardcore bands in the area, including remain, newer bands that i've never seen or heard like resist, bands offering their hail marys to the "big dude upstairs" like focused, and all stars like strife. by the way, focused are one of these funny new "god core" bands that are turning cali into cheese. the best part was their announcement of a pro-life benefit: "we're not really sure about where to stand on this issue, but we will be playing this pro-life benefit...". yeah, i'm not sure where i stand on this whole racism thing but in the meantime i'll be marching in the "free tom metzger" benefit for the white arayan resistance. duuuuuuuuhhh. anyway, look out for that comp soon. igby will also be doing a remain 7". and speaking of strife, their plans for a full summer tour are fairly definite i guess, they will be doing a big tour with the earth christians. function broke up, and i think it is for good despite rumors to the contrary. their last show was apparently marred by some various violence/skinhead problems. they were arguably the most popular band in O.C. and i didn't really get it, but that's my fault. pawn is a good newer band with a slowed down emo-type sound, and a demo out as well, although i haven't heard it yet. spencer from mission impossible has a new band as well, called ellis. everyone is "working on" a zine. yeah, and i'm working on a tan. indecision records (or whatever it will be called) will be doing an e.p. with dighdown, a seattle all star band with mark and ryan from undertow, dave excursion, and ron brotherhood/resolution. they will blow your pathetic excuse for a life into little bits, and along with chain to thread will entertain all the discriminating music conossieurs out there. wes biffar's fanzine, withdrawal, will have a second issue out sometime soon. another newer zine is Xbreaking freeX out of San Diego. check out the review section for more info. and the "staple" of the o.c. scene, david sine, should have a new tidbit out....now! on a personal note, i spent the entire winter vacation working 75-80 hours a week, and it is not something i recommend. i did, however, master the art of masturbating without taking your pants off. be careful, the zipper is sharp. a new downcast band has apparently started up called jara. some ex-struggle people are also doing a new band called swing kids. ice was always the best live band when they got around to playing, but apparently they have called it quits. fuck turning point, i'd pay 1600 bucks to get ice back together. another "new" band is ignite, with joe foster from unity. they have been without a vocalist for a while, as joe from triggerman and randy (ex pushed aside) have both left the band after short stints on the mic. another-thing-i-need-to-get-off-my-chest dept.: excuse me, when you rail against large corporations and offer vegan revolutions to topple the corporate structure, don't follow that up with "man, the new morrissey is god." music is far more exploitable and corrupt than taco bell. if you wanna be "militant", prepare to go all or none. that's the way it works. straight edge needs to get ugly again, i mean that very seriously. you will not understand separatism until you understand privilege. people do not make such bold statements of separation because they feel secure about their validity. alienation is not pretty. think. think. think. is it so hard? i don't want "equality" because i don't know what it means. i want people to realize their potential and find a shred of self worth in a world where they are never taught how to think or evaluate their own situation. i want people to rise up and get off the couch and shout and scream and write and make music and love as freely and as often as they wish. this has nothing to do with freedom, it is all about humanity and intelligence and self reliance and maintaining sanity. and i can't think of anything more unrealistic at the moment. i find more and more inspiring zines and less inspiring music nowadays and it really doesn't bother me all that much. oh, and one more thing about this whole no for an answer reunion: dan o'mahony, please tell me what your words taste like? you have eaten a mouthful. this was supposed to be a "what's goin on in L.A. column, notice that about one fifth of it related to that. go figure.

and in this

case perhaps,

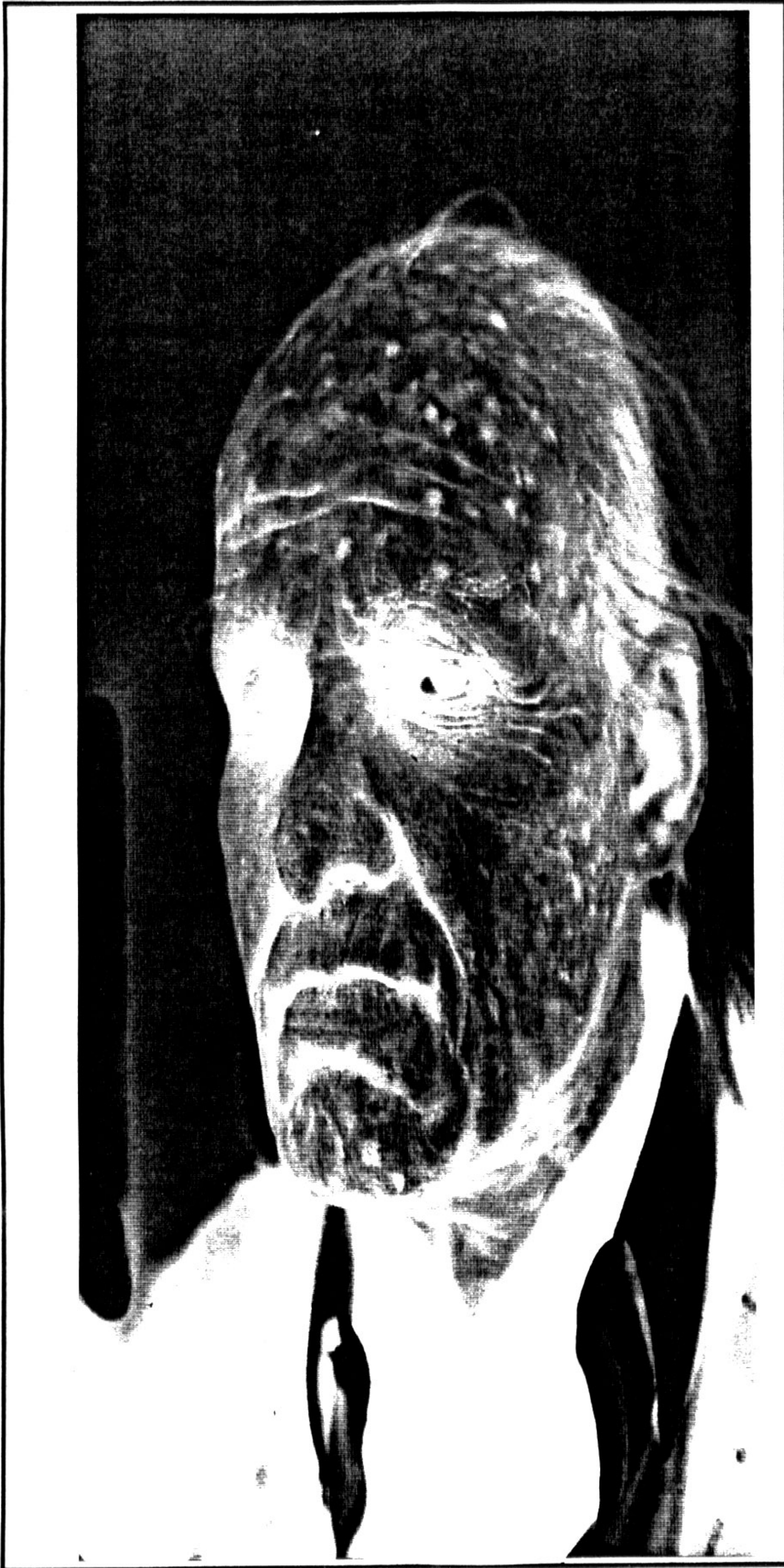
what's not

going on.



Outspoken in Berkeley

I was looking at this page thinking, " Yeah, I guess this is just another filler page snuck in before the real content begins. Then I had to force myself into figuring out where the "real content" of the zine actually begins, and that was rather depressing. ..



Top 5 Hardcore Spelling Mistakes

- 1) VEGGETARIAN
- 2) VEGATARIAN
- 3) VEGETARYAN
- 4) VEGEMETARIAN
- 5) (go vegan, it's easy to spell)

Top 5 "bad things" about e-mail

- 1) the "straight edge" e-mail list
(Amish kids from Pennsylvucky can now discuss the revolution in seconds)
- 2) Rush Limbaugh found his wife on e-mail. I have a problem with this...
- 3) Now, information can be sent in seconds. And, as you already may know, incorrect information can be sent faster than ever.
- 4) Government (THE MAN) can keep tabs on you without any effort on their part.
- 5) Dude, computers are nerdy.

Top 5 Movies

- 1) On the Waterfront
("I coulda been a contender...")
- 2) Raising Arizona
- 3) Citizen Kane
- 4) Manhattan
- 5) The Muppet Movie

Bottom 5- The Deaths Of...

- 1) Radio Riot
- 2) Fuck You Fanzine
- 3) "mosh core"
- 4) John Candy
- 5) my car

My thanks must go out to all the following....

Dave Mandel, Popeye and Kevin, Dave Sine, Daisy Rooks, Vique Simba, Justin Moulder, Kim Nolan, Andrew Kline, Jake Hockel, everyone that hangs out, Butch and everyone in Remain, Mike OB, Iza, Al Barkley, Ronny Little, Brett Beach and Dave K, Mike Hartsfield, Evan for being at ringside, everyone that helped distribute issue one, John Dudeck, and my dog. Too many things feel like they're ending right now but i can think of quite a few that are just beginning... damn that was corny.

RANDOM

ok, i wanna talk about something (that means a fucking lot to me). t.v. in general is awful, repulsive, and moronic. there are, of course, some exceptions. the simpsons is the best example i can come up with. the simpsons is an amazing show, it is an animated cartoon that is more "real" than any television program that features three dimensional, real (almost) human beings. they exemplify everything that is sickening and crass about popular culture and middle class american life, but at the same time they mock the lifestyle, and even the very popularity of their show. every american vice, inadequacy, and ritual is put on display, quietly reminding the viewer just how pathetic we are. the simpsons stare pop culture in the face and spit in its' eye. they mock themselves, professional sports, maturity, gender roles, and the good ol' american dream. they are a kick in the ass to family life, religious purity, and family values. tune in.

STUFF

i think "happiness" is an awful goal. it is impossible to relate happiness to other people in an intelligent manner. i think, beyond all the politics and infighting when i go to shows, i'd just like to have a nice time. that's all. that could probably be applied to life in general as well. it's all about fun, but doesn't that sound shallow? doesn't that come off sounding so juvenile and contrived? and maybe, well maybe it is. maybe wanting one place in the world where i can be happy is silly. then i guess that's me...silly.

YOU

i had this dream the other night. the "revolution" finally happened. it was a burst of energy and action, the likes of which this country has never seen. all the carnivores were slaughtered or converted. those who were killed suffered terribly. in the aftermath, a small group of people just wanted their individuality back, they wanted their lives to return to some sort of familiarity. they valued their right to choose for themselves. they marched and held signs and soon became "counter-revolutionaries". they yelled and screamed for their right to eat flesh. and if i remember correctly, i was marching with them. not because it was something i wished to do, either. you can never get too righteous, kiddies.

MIGHT

due to the new "get tough on crime" fever that is sweeping national politics, one certain orange county city councilman decided to push for a law that would punish local taggers with a good old fashioned paddling. two days after making the announcement, spray painted across his office door in huge letters was "SPANK ME". i hate tagging but i'll be damned if that wasn't genius.

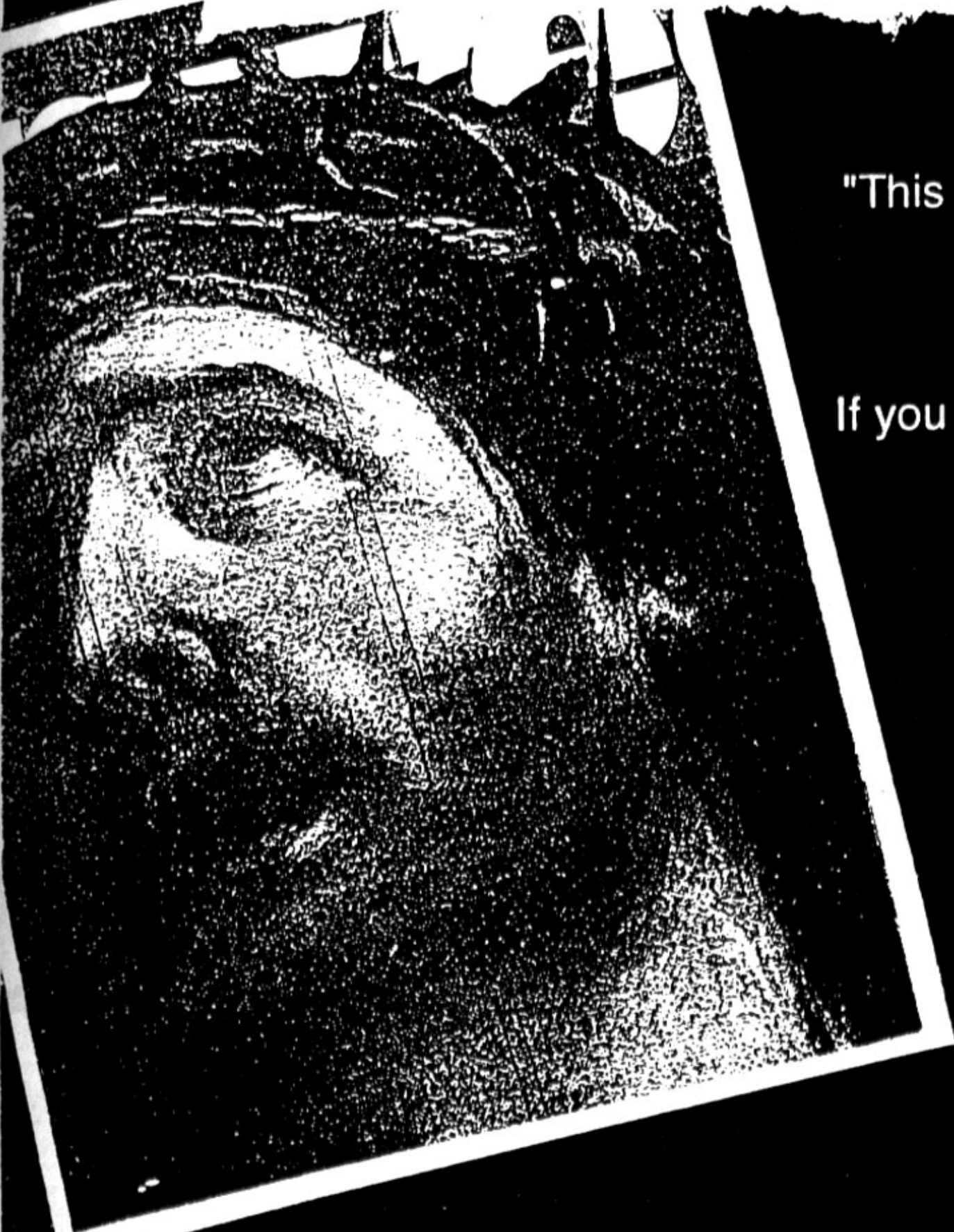
READ

i did my first zine in 1988. it was half sized, about twenty pages long maybe, and we gave them away for free. i've always been moved by the power that words and pictures have. people can be genuinely affected by them. the zine was all about the bmx/freestyle scene that was around at the time. it was about riding bikes, ok? sounds a tad simplistic but that's the truth. even soul farmer vic dicara (108) did a zine about bikes. his zine had nothing to do with "the karma of riding bicycles" though. oops, this is a bit of a tangent. what's the point? i dunno, i guess things change. this zine looks (a bit) slicker and even costs money, but my motivation is really pretty much the same. i like words and pictures, and i like what they can do. that's it.

i was reading an interview with one of the women from L7, and they asked her about drugs. her answer was interesting, that since she was pro-choice concerning abortion and a woman's right to control her own body, how could you dictate what substances a person puts in their own body? an interesting extension of the "pro choice" stance. if anyone can think of an argument to refute this, let me know.



grown ups are smart vol. 2



"This is not a battle between right and wrong, it is between those who love Jesus Christ and those who hate him. "

---Televangelist and media tycoon Pat Robertson.

If you think this is funny, remember that this man has mounted some rather successful presidential campaigns, and is buying cable television channels. He also credited the L.A. earthquake to our permissive acceptance of homosexuality. Scared yet?



Because everything in her home is waterproof, the housewife of 2000 can do her daily cleaning with a hose



"The problem with AIDS is: you got it, you die. So why are we spending money on the issue?"

---Montana Lt. Gov. Dennis Rehberg

(a stroke of genius, wouldn't ya say?)

OUTSPOKEN



endpoint

farside



For one reason or another, Farside has quietly become one of my favorite bands, and most definitely one of the few local bands I look forward to seeing. This interview was done with guitarist/vocalist virtuosos Kevin Murphy and Popeye in Hollywood at a pizza place that was trying its best to close up for the night. Also present were myself (duh), Dave Mandel, and Dave's sister Sharon. Read the damn thing.

ME: I figure we'll skip the band history since that might take a while, so..I guess we can talk about the new record that just came out. What makes it different from the last couple of records?

P: I think it can all be attributed to a new line-up. I don't mean to make it sound like I'm trashing Rob, but Rob wrote almost everything up until his leaving the band, and when he left the band we got Kevin, and then Kevin and I split everything down the middle.

K: I think the band just got a new songwriter.

P: Yeah, we got two new new songwriters, and the old songwriter is gone. So, it's really just alot different. From the last record to this record there really isn't much of a transition or a segue of any type, it's just...I dunno, I guess a new guy and a new attitude.

K: It's a little aggressive, it's a little louder.

ME: Is it really more "punk", or is that just a good way to sell more records?

P: I would say it's alot more punk, but...

K: Farside's alot more punk in attitude than we are musically.

ME: What about lyrics?

P: Ahhhh...same crap, y'know (laughter).

ME: "Get girl type stuff"? (quoting an old ad for their 7")

P: Oh yeah, retard type stuff. Well, for me the best topics I can write about is stuff that deals with myself. And I don't mean that in an egocentric way, it's just that I write alot of the time to get something off my chest or as a form of escape. They're usually of a very personal content, and I don't really try to use the band as any type of political forum for myself, or for anyone else in the band for that matter. Alot of the topics are similar to the ones I put on the last record, and some of them are a little bit different, like just feeling like a retard, ummm... feeling like you don't deserve the friends you have, just stuff that I think about on a daily basis. Whenever we come up with a new song, whatever I'm thinking about at that time, that's how I decide what I'm going to write about. I don't really choose the topics, so I can do three songs in a row that are about the same topic, just by luck.

ME: (to Kevin) So do you write any lyrics now, for the songs you sing?

K: For the songs that I sing I write the lyrics. As far as lyrics with me go, I could care less what I'm singing. Lyrics for other bands are the most important thing to me, because I really like hearing and reading lyrics that move me and, y'know, mean alot to me. I am not able to write things like that. I can't write something and think, "Wow, that's great", so...lyrics don't mean shit to me as far as what I'm writing.

ME: So neither of you is going to get fairly political in the near future?

BOTH: No.

K: Not with this band.

P: We're a very modest band.

ME: Umm...it seems like alot of the songs are about growing up and growing on, do you think you have a different perspective on that since you're a little bit older?

P: Well, it just kinda represents the period of my life at the time that I wrote that song. I mean, yeah it is a reflection of me getting a little bit older and going through some different things as I get older, but that wasn't intentional. Each song is just a little slice out of my life.

K: It's kinda funny, since I'm fairly new to the band, or I guess I still feel fairly new, I kinda have an outside view. I can look back at when I wasn't in the band, like looking at the demo and some of the lyrics that Popeye wrote, like to the song "Farside", where it's like (in a dorky voice) "Yaaa, we're the new kids in the neighborhood...". And now we have this new song called "Knocks" (sp.), where the lyrics are just nothing but self deprecating, "I suck, I suck, I suck". It's just really funny to get perspective on that, to see that the older we get, it seems like the more cynical we get. Farside started out as kinda happy, (snapping in time) "Alright, I'm gonna go see Farside, YEAH!" And alot of people don't know, but for us it's "Oh, we've got a show, and we've got to go up there and sing about how we hate ourselves", and then play "Keep My Soul Awake".

DAVE: Are you more hesitant to play the older songs?

K: Oh, I am... 'cuz I didn't write them. (laughter) I'm just kinda going through the motions when I play them.

P: We never bothered to try and teach them to him.

ME: So you play air guitar?

K: They unplug me and I just do a Vinnie Stigma. (laughter)

ME: Speaking of getting cynical and things like that, I think for alot of people, for probably the first year you were in the band, you were kinda seen as the angry one...

K: Kinda like how Paul was the monster and Gene was the lover. (laughter...it's a KISS joke, man)

ME: I just remember one show where some kid did a flip off the stage, and you stopped playing to say something to him. What do you think of that image of yourself, do you think that that's fairly accurate-the jaded, cynical guy?

K: Umm...yeah. I don't know about angry, but cynical I think is pretty good.

P: Frustrated. (laughter)

K: Yeah.

P: I think Kevin and I rubbed off on each other after going on tour a couple times, because now I'm alot more jaded about things than I used to be, and Kevin seems to be alot nicer about things than he used to be.

K: Yeah, my attitude has gotten better.



ME: What about playing in California? Tomorrow you're playing with Chorus, and tonight is just a totally different show. Do you ever feel like the "sore thumb", especially in the hardcore scene? Does it really matter?

K: I wonder how we get on those bills, not that I think we're above these bands or that we don't fit, but I wonder how...you know "I'm gonna go see Farside and Strife", it doesn't seem like it fits, and yet people seem to like both bands. That always seems kinda strange to me.

P: I always think of ourselves as the "sore thumb" all the time, because we just stick out. A typical show is two or three hardcore bands and (in a high voice): "Farside!"

K: Wheeee!

P: "Farside, the lovers!" (laughter) And I enjoy it, because most of those people are our friends. We don't know any other "scene" than the one we're in right now. I figure since this is the scene we started playing shows in when we first became a band, that's the one that adopted us. I think in every little "sect" of every scene of a particular type of music, there's always one band that doesn't really fit in but everyone loves them and they play with all the other bands anyway. So we're that band, and I kinda dig it.

"Don't let the world around you, control the world inside of you."

K: I think musically we've got to the point now where if we were interested in having a music "career", we should be playing alternative shows or college rock shows, and those shows and that whole scene is just so lame. Even though we might not fit with hardcore bands, we feel alot more at home. We're alot older than everybody, but it's not like we dropped out or anything. It's still what I call my thing, my scene.
P: (yells) "Cuz we're punkers man!"

ME: Speaking of lame scenes, someone told me or I heard somewhere that you got an offer from a major label or someone expressed interest (both Kevin and Popeye shake their heads, indicating that they've never received any such offer), do you have any kind of uniform philosophy on that throughout the whole band?

P: Uniform? Absolutely not. (laughs) Everyone has a different opinion about major labels, and the possibilities. There's a chance that that could happen, it could happen to anybody.

ME: Look at the Offspring...

K: That's strange, isn't it? (talk turns to memories of Offspring)

P: Yeah, I thought they were destined to open up for Bad Religion and NOFX. We had a show with them once and they were super, super nice guys.

ME: Do you ever feel compelled to keep it "underground" or to keep it "punk"?

K: Yeah, Popeye and I do. For Popeye, the band is just sort of another facet to his life. There's his job, his friends, and the band. The band is really important to me, but it's not important enough to where I'd want to sell it. It'd be really nice to be able to make a living off of it, and tour when we want to, and make records and play shows, and get paid for it. But I'm not personally interested in signing my life away to some corporation.



ME: So Revelation is just fine with you?

BOTH: Revelation is just...the best.

P: I'm perfectly happy with where we are right now. This is success to me.

ME: Is there a leader in the band, is there someone that's the executive, or is it all kind of a "huddle up" and do it together situation?

P: I think sometimes I am, but I'm usually the guy that gets picked on the most too. (laughter) So it kind of balances out. I think in every band there's one guy that takes care of most of the affairs. Kevin does alot of stuff, I think Kevin and I do most of the stuff. Usually when people call for shows they call me...

K: ...that's because I'm the mean one.

(laughter) "Don't call that dick."

P: We don't have a manager, we have someone that books our tours for us.

K: Not this summer.

P: And Revelation takes care of any type of P.R. stuff, and getting the record out and everything.

K: I think it kinda bums Jordan out, because we take all that P.R. stuff as such a joke.

"You guys have to make a bio." "Errr, OK, put that we're from hell." (laughs aplenty)

ME: Did you have to take a picture? Y'know, one of those black and white ones?

K: Dave Sine took some pictures of us at practice that are just dopey.

P: All of our pictures have been silly in some way, I mean everything we do is. Our video is too. We all just feel so stupid and embarassed about trying to strike a serious pose. (laughter)

ME: What song was that for, on the video?

P: The video was for "Worlds". (talk goes on about a new video)

ME: What about stuff outside of Farside?

P: We all go to school, we've all got our part time jobs, I am currently in a new project band called Collateral Damage with Evan from Ice and Chris from Blackspot. We've really been enjoying it. That's about all I've got time for, really. Drinking alot of coffee and getting high blood pressure, smoking cigarettes...that's a day in the life of the Popster.

ME: (to Kevin) Are you still going to do the project band with Dan O'Mahony?

K: Ya know (laughs)... I recorded that stuff before we recorded our album. I recorded six songs for that, about a year and a half ago. And I've talked Dan once since then, and that was before the No For An Answer tour. The reason he went on the NFAA tour was because all the money that Cargo gave him to do the record, he spent. So he went on tour with NFAA to get this money back, and I still haven't heard from him. However, I haven't called him, because I'm really not in a big hurry to talk with him. So, I really don't know. I'd like for the stuff to come out because it's all recorded and everything.

ME: (to Popeye) What about Ice?

P: Oh, Ice is gone. It's kinda sad.

K: It's very sad.

You've got to shut out all those voices that you're hearing.

P: We didn't leave any loose ends. We got our second 7" out, and then we quit before we had a chance to write any new songs. So, it was a good time to break up. (Ice talk continues and a reunion is discussed) I don't know, I don't think it would be anything serious enough to require a reunion unless we were playing a circus or something like that. (laughter)

K: Maybe opening for Chicanochrist. (laughs)



ME: So do you think there are any bands worth seeing now that Ice is gone? Any reason to go to shows or continue living?

P: Yeah, I think there's still alot of great local bands. Game Face has got alot of new stuff and I think they're hopefully planning on recording soon, Triggerman is looking around to record a 12", Enswell is just...a joy to watch. Outspoken is still one of my favorite bands. I'm trying to think of who else is around now...

K: My friend Mario has a band called Ashes/Dust who nobody seems to really like, but I think they're just fucking the best.

ME: What about the fact that there's no tour this summer? Any reason for that?

P: Yeah, it's me, I'm the reason. I went through a real difficult winter. Nothing specific happened...

K: It was the winter of your discontent. (laughter)

P: It was. (long pause) I just suddenly had a hard time living with myself, like I said for no specific reason. I just suddenly remembered that I'm Popeye and there's not damn thing I can do about it, and I just wasn't happy about it. So I just decided that I wanted to stay home this summer and get some things done that I've been meaning to do and have been putting off, like with school, and holding a job for more than six months, moving into a new apartment and just getting some of my shit together. So I felt bad about having to do that, but I just had to tell them that I wasn't going to go. I knew that if I'd go, I wouldn't have as great a time as I should. I just wanted to have a full year of stability

for a change. We may go on tour next summer, it's hard to say because Brian's gonna be moving to San Francisco at the end of this summer to go to school...

K: That'll make things easy.

P: Yeah. When that happens, the status of the band is mostly likely gonna go to a part time status, if that.

ME: Kinda like an Outspoken thing, where John comes down for the shows?

P: Well, it'll be alot less than that, because Outspoken can still practice and send John a tape. Since Brian plays an instrument, it's a little bit difficult because we write all our songs just by jamming for a little while and making up stuff. When that happens, we'll probably practicing every couple of months and playing an occasional show. So who knows, when that happens I'm planning on starting a new band then. Farside's never really been the type of band that makes any long term plans, we make plans maybe a few months in advance and that's about it. I have no idea what we're going to be doing a year from now.

ME: So you really have no plans beyond this record here?

P: No, not at all.

K: I think the longest...the far-est...the most far ahead? (a discussion ensues as to how to properly phrase this)

P: "Farther" would measure distance, "further" is a point in time.

K: Yeah. The next thing that we want to do is just record these five or six new songs. The original idea was to do a double album, but now that Brian's going away for awhile, we want to just get these songs recorded and maybe do an e.p.

ME: What's the best thing about being in Farside, right now?

P: (in an "odd" voice) "THE CHICKS, MAN!" (fits of laughter)

ME: I was just waiting for you to say that.

P: That's why I said it, because...

K: I was just waiting for the word "chick" to come up. (laughter)

P: That's what everyone thinks, so many people have this impression...

K: "I saw Farside and all these girls were there." Really? I wasn't there.

P: Honestly, I remember once speaking to a couple of young women after a show for about a minute, it was at our second show. And that was it. And once in a while I hear this, "Hey, my friend saw your band, and she thinks you're cute." (laughs) Wow, OK. (more laughs) I mean I would never date anybody that's five years younger than I am and really into my band, and is in love with me because of my band.

ME: There's gotta be an upside to that though...(laughter)

P: If you're real horny and have no morals, yeah there is an upside to it. (laughter) One of those two things is true with me.

K: You figure it out.

P: OK, enough of that tangent. Best thing about being in Farside, I really...

K: THE MONEY. (laughter) How quickly our albums come out.

P: I really like how talented everyone in the band is. Everyone plays their instruments

Don't let the world inside you, control the world inside of you...

really well, and it's cool. It's not difficult working with each other, and I think alot of that comes with time, after working together for several years.

K: (laughing) Several years. "Oh, the six or seven years we've been together." (laughter continues as a new debate begins concerning whether or not Farside has been around for a "few" years, "a couple" years, or "a number of" years. The 'World's Most Well Behaved Band' is also obsessed with grammar?)

P: So what the hell was I talking about?

ME: What about a cover song, if you could cover any song just out of the blue?

K: "Divide and Conquer" by Husker Du.

P: There's alot of songs that I'd like to cover, but we'd never do 'em. I could think of at least ten songs that I would love to cover, from various musicians. Y'know, stuff that has absolutely nothing to do with punk rock, that I'd like to make into punk rock songs.

K: Oh, I hate that. "Here's a Bob Marley song, urrrrrrrggghhhhh..."

P: No, like an Elvis Costello song with a little bit of crunch. There's this Belinda Carlisle song that I wanted to cover. (looks over at Kevin) See, I knew you were gonna make that face...

K: Now I'm embarassed.

ME: Which song was it anyway?

P: "Circle in the Sand".

DAVE: (laughing) I knew you were gonna say that...

K: That song sucks.

P: Nah, pump it up a little bit, throw in a 1-2 beat and a mosh break. We had an idea that everyone was gonna pick a song to cover, and we were gonna learn them and put it on a 7", but that never happened.

ME: Then Enpoint did it.

K: Yeah, I thought that was a cool idea. (long pause) Best thing about being in Farside, are we still there?

ME: You're still there.

K: I'm still there. (long pause)

ME: Is there a worst thing?

K: Uhhh...no. There's "things", I get frustrated sometimes, there's times that I'd like to make the band alot more punk than it is. Some people don't like that sometimes. (talk goes on about a real fast "punk" song they played once and what happened at one charming show in San Diego) We played a show at the Che Cafe, and somebody was dancing or something, and they hit the mic, and it hit me in the head and cut my head open. I didn't know it at the time, but it really hurt. So, I'm singing the song, "la dah dah", and we get to the chorus, and I'm like "YEAH, FUCK YOU, YEAH, SUCK OFF, FUCK ME, YEAAAAH!". I don't think anybody got it, but I thought it was pretty funny.

P: It's funny to listen to the tape, because he hurt himself...

K: (laughs) Hurt "himself"?

P: He got hurt in the middle of the song, so he was singing the song all normal, and then he gets hit and he immediately changes

the lyrics. So he's playing guitar and he's talking about, "I've never seen such idiots, in my life." (laughter)

ME: So, does anyone have anything to wrap this up?

P: (quietly) No.

K: Uhhh....

ME: A long pause maybe?

P: A dramatic pause. I'd like to think of myself as a punk rock version of Frasier Crane and Jerry Lewis, kinda mixed together. That's me. (laughter) I'm no longer a nice guy, I'm a class act. (talk strays to Lollapalooza rumors and Kevin's work)

K: I work at Subway with a guy named Victor from Mexico City who plays in a band called METAL FATIGUE. (big laughs)

ME: (to Popeye) Hey, has anyone ever told you that you sing like the guy, I was thinking of this the other day...what's his name...from the Doobie Brothers..

P: MICHAEL MCDONALD! (everyone cracks up as Kevin coaxes Popeye into doing his "Michael McDonald voice". This must be heard to be believed. Any sense of order is lost at this point.) Yes I have been told that by a few people.

ME: I was just wondering... (the tape ends here, truly a sign from God)



It's your life to live." --'Worlds'

smart edge is:

independence
self reliance
intelligence
a sense of humor
sparkmarker
sparkmarker
sparkmarker
did i mention sparkmarker?
can't forgive
free zines
self edge
exclusion
isolation
two friends
college
fuck you fanzine (r.i.p.)
listening to avail (don't ask me why)
undertow
1st ressurection 7"
kim nolan's article in n.e. 4.5
taking a dumb joke and running with it

this is freedom from all mindless movements of humanity, full knowing that they exist only to make one feel comfortable in a particular, meaningless role. straight edge is low level communication and connection, and was never meant to be the end all and be all of one's life. to live as such is to live according to another person's lyrics to a song. one song. make your life worth more than that. maintain an edge only because you know exactly why you do it. otherwise, it is an empty action. when you become so desperate for guidance and leadership that you turn to imaginary deities for guidance, it is nice and you are adept only at tossing and pseudo-militant propaganda, who have lost all control. if it fits on a bumper sticker, if you have squished onto the back of a t-shirt, it is nice and it can be contrived but ultimately too simplistic. i am too cute and contrived only at tossing and pseudo-militant propaganda, complex as an individual, and so are you. carry no flags in life. otherwise, there is no room for independence. and that, boys and girls, is the beginning of the end.

UNDERTOWN



SET ME FREE.

PUMPKIN EATER

if you really want to place blame...

if you're looking to point fingers...

mirrors are always lovely targets.

it's always easier, and perhaps even healthier, to hurl accusations at yourself. the sooner you come to grips with your faults, imperfections, and misgivings, the easier life will become. you cannot live your life as a missionary, you can't wrap yourself up in a cause or a one step solution to a complex problem. all the inconsistencies and hypocrisy i see in you are nothing, because i see them all in myself. the difference is that i have accepted this condition, while you have not. give it up already.

I guess, when it comes down to it, I really only have a half hearted faith in myself. Is that all that frightening? I don't think so. Putting my faith in anything imaginary would be alot more distressing.

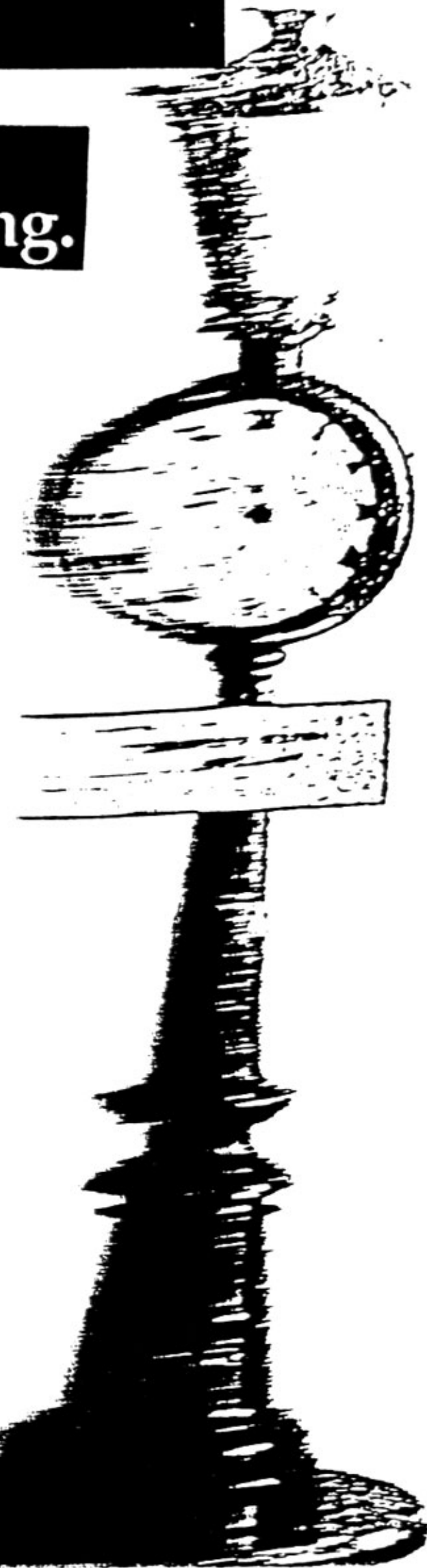
Pumpkin Eater is a SMALL zine I do when I feel the need to. After seeing 108, I think it's time to do another.

**I never said I knew you, I never said I wanted to,
I never said I would.**

**Everyone has a story I guess,
but some times I don't feel like listening.**

oh...ok man, show me the scars. show me where the world has hurt you THIS TIME. turn around, let me see your back, yeah right there where your "friends" plunged the knife and stabbed you (in the back). you know pain. but guess what?

i still probably won't care. i won't care about your poetry and your newest, catchiest slogan. you know why? cuz it's always everyone else. it's always someone else's fault. you give your all but no one understands, right? it's never you. you're the whipping boy, the the punching bag, the wounded bird. and i'm sorry, but until you get some perspective and make it real, i just don't care. finding imperfection and doubt in yourself is never easy, but it's necessary.



friday april 15

so today's the big day. skipping school makes me feel like such a bad kid. dave's supposed to be here at 10:00, which gives me enough time to jump around my room playing air guitar and such (sure, you just act like you don't do it). dave arrives shortly thereafter but does not catch me in mid-song holding a pencil to my lips and screaming the words. he brought the video camera, which means all of the pointless details will be captured for posterity. y'know what they say, if you can't laugh at yourself....

after hitting the gas station and the atm (money=freedom?), we're off to berkeley. about ten minutes into this it hits me: driving sucks. period. driving for six hours sucks. driving past cows and fields for six hours sucks. ask how the drive was and you'll get a fat lip. i am not cut out for touring, i guess. we killed an incredible number of bugs on the way, who had decided to do the kamikaze thing into the windshield. yelling at people at rest stops also proves to be rather enjoyable, but can be hard on the throat.

amazingly, we arrive in berkeley rather early. after going to chuck e. cheese's (one video game is not an "arcade", that's a 7-11) we searched in vain for some record store. ultimately we ended up in round table pizza, where i ordered some garlic bread while dave slept on the table. i got a few dirty looks from people who assumed that he was my "drunk and passed out" friend. someone left money in the juke box, so needless to say "mamma says knock you out" by l.l. cool j. is the logical choice. i also paid homage to the recently departed kurt cobain by playing nirvana. and it only took 35 minutes to get my garlic bread, geez i know how tough it can be to toast bread. we drove back to gilman (should be called "blink and you'll miss it") and slept in the truck for a few minutes. we're supposed to meet matt here, and it rather suddenly occurs to me that i don't remember what he looks like, except i'm quite positive that he has short, brown hair. not exactly a distinguishable characteristic. he recognized dave's truck so all was well. i guess the first band is getting ready to play. we see dennis from outspoken, and soon enough all the undertow guys emerge. it's good to see them. dave excursion is with them, and so is ron overkill and a girl named jex (i think?). xseattle all starsx. the socialing ends up moving inside, where the first band is about to start playing. i had to buy a membership card (stupid) and then spent a good five minutes soaking up the atmosphere and reading the walls. the first band is portraits of passion (i think) and are fairly good, that merel/struggle /iconoclast wild and crazy thing. whatever. not as bad as it as some. the next band is torn, who are a earth crisis-y metal band. the singer's pants started at his knees, i kept thinking they were gonna fall

down. he did alot of contortion manuevers and what not. i yelled "firestorm" when they played, which is actually fun to do when anyone is playing. second coming is next, they're alot better than i had imagined. they do the full n.y. mosh core thing, but that's cool just because no one plays that anymore. matt dares me to start the pit, which is something you never, never, ever do to someone with no pride. matt takes his shirt off and swings it in circles over his head. we had a good time, but apparently some people took it way too seriously though. too bad. i realize i'm not up on show etiquette, especially after being in a car for the better part of the day.

undertow played next and were the real reason for driving six hours. the first two songs sounded ok, but they pulled it together and got a little tighter after that. me and dave started a bit of a dog pile on the stage and we actually got to do dives, which was funny cuz i don't normally do that but jesus, this is gilman street so it seemed necessary. there were some stern warnings about violent dancing and some threats pertaining to revoking the mebership privileges of certain audience members, but nothing happened. undertow's set ended with lots of noise and feedback and i was reminded why i liked going to hardcore shows. best hardcore band right now? i dunno, maybe.



peter

Your Signature

REVIEWS

Avail "Live..." 10" (Old Glory Records)

Any Avail records get automatic bonus points, but I'm having a hard time with this one. This captures a bit of what they're all about live, but the visual aspect of their live set is just as important and is (obviously) not captured here. Includes a Violent Femmes cover and a new song as well. For the fans, I think. Has more than a few parts where band members are responding to crowd violence, which is really unfortunate. This is just not a tough guy mosh band, is that so hard to understand? Still one of the best bands in the world right now, so...(\$5 to P.O. Box 1814, Brattleboro, VT 05302)

Balance #4

Color copy cover of Turning Point that I thought was (honestly) Pearl Jam. Thin half size zine with a good "news" type section and interviews with Laurel, Franklin, and Stormstrike (joke?). Nice, but a little thin. (\$1 to P.O. Box 3775, Cherry Hill, NJ 08034)

Breaking Free #2

Nicely laid out zine with interviews with Farside, Shelter, 108, Sick of It All, and Endpoint. The interview with 108 and Shelter are funny, I can't imagine interviewing these bozos and not even attempting to challenge them. The Endpoint int. seems like Rob is just rambling, although he does say something to the effect of "abortion is wrong". Uh, ok. Has a Sparkmarker picture though, YEAH. Check it out, I guess. The picture of Rob Fish with his fly open is particularly appealing. (\$2 to Edwin Ward, 943 Mission Ave., Chula Vista, CA 91911).

Dead and Gone 7" (Vinyl Communications)

Good punk rock with "positive" lyrics about independence, etc. It's good to hear bands like this are still around, this is really cool in 1994. (\$3.50 to P.O. Box 8623, Chula Vista, CA 91912)

Doc Hopper "Aloha" 7" (Reservoir/ Ringing Ear Records)

Hot diggity dog, if you're gonna cover the GoGo's I'm gonna love you. This is a cool, poppy punk band that is getting more and more popular, so jump on the bandwagon early. This is a great record, very bubbly. Fun.

Econochrist "Skewed" 7" (Ebulittion)

Another "final release"? Damn. Econochrist played pretty ordinary, fast punk rock which actually distinguished them a bit. Political/social lyrics, as expected. I dunno. If you like them, you'll like this. I do. It makes me think of a circle pit, sorry.

Element #11

A new issue of this comes out like every month. Big 1/2 sized zine loaded with pictures and interviews with Unbroken, Policy of Three, Empathy, and a re-printed NFAA interview. Good use of red and blue toner. Lots of animal rights stuff as well. Good job. (\$2 to 23144 Cleveland St., Dearborn, MI 48124)

Engine #2

Matt Average's second attempt is a good one, featuring pieces on Fred Hammer (It's Alive), Dan O'Mahony, and Lance Hahn. The Dan O. interview, just like the one I did in my last issue, made me a bit sick, because it is tough to agree with someone who would so easily surrender his ideals to make a buck in Europe. Otherwise, the zine is pretty good, there are too many ads but the thing on anarchy is hilarious. (3 stamps to: P.O. Box 640298, SF, CA 94164-0928)

Endpoint "After Taste" LP (Doghouse)

I was scared to hear this, certain people told me how bad it'd be. First off, it isn't all that bad, it's basically a continuation of their last LP, only a bit more rock-oriented, meaning not as many fast moshy parts. The first song is the best, but it starts out like Worlds Collide's "Any Worse". All in all, it's pretty solid, and Rob's lyrics are personal and expressive. Not bad, nothing incredible though.

Fabric "Saturnalin/Without" 7" (Doghouse)

Pretty good UK band, it reminded me of the singer from Shadowman singing along to House of Suffering. Big, heavy rock sounding guitars and clear, "high" vocals make this somewhat catchy, kinda like Sparkmarker but not nearly as good. Nice, original sound with odd, science fiction-y lyrics on the first song.

Farside "Rigged" LP (Revelation)

Alright! If you're already a fan of this band this won't change anything, it's good continuation of the last LP both lyrically and musically. "New" member Kevin Murphy sings a couple songs, and in general this is slower melodic stuff, much like the last record. Great stuff. More hooks than a hat rack, my friend.

Four Walls Falling "Punish the Machine" 7" (Understand Records-Europe)

Four Walls are obviously battling to set a record for the ugliest cover art, and this release may have put them over the top. Once again, ignore the cover and move on to the music. A bit more powerful than their last 7", and the lyrics are the quality/content expected from this band. No real surprises here, I like the pro-choice song alot. Emo-rock stuff. Nice.

Hardware Spring 1994 Issue #4

Another issue! Shit, these boys are veritable zine machines, this one has interviews with lots of N.J. bands, including Deadguy, Chain to Thread, Holeshot, and Three Sung Scrolls, as well as The Dark Side of Straight Edge, which left me feeling queasy. This is becoming my favorite zine. No more collector's corner though. Just do yourself a favor and get it. (\$1 to 35 W. Price St. Apt. 3E, Linden N.J. 07036)

Ice "L'Chaim" 7" (Ringside Records)

Ahhh, the farewell. Ice never worked as well on record as they did live, but this comes close. Evan's "distinctive" vocals shine through on these fairly melodic hardcore songs. Includes "Hang Out Times", possibly the party anthem of the 1990's. Don't miss the boat. (\$3 to the address on the ad)

Ignite "where They Talk" 7" (Ringside Records)

Ignite started out as a "bring it back for the kids" thing, but this record has little to do with that. This is more of a Quicksand-y sound, except they play it a little faster than Quicksand ever would. Randy's vocals are actually "sung" for the most part, no more barking. Pretty good altogether, the last song is the best. (\$3 to the Ringside address)

Infest "Not Over Yet" 7"

Oops, I smell bootleg. Poor sound quality on this, I guess it's just a few demo songs. Sure to sell nicely, they should re-form and tour Europe, there's a thought.

It's Alive #11

It's a well known fact that Fred Hammer started doing this zine when I learned how to ride a bike. This thing is awesome and very free as well. Interviews with Dave Smalley and Brian Baker, which was pretty funny. Fred has his head in the right place, and does a zine that expresses that. Hell yeah. It's good to see that "new school" kids in this area are doing zines finally. (some stamps to 900 Azalea St. Oxnard, CA 93030)

Junction "Mouth As A Gun" 7" (Art Monk Constuction)

I guess except for one more unreleased song this is the last of Junction. it's too bad, this is musically a bit different than their other stuff, I guess it's "moodier" or something. It's definitely a good release, and it's too bad this band broke up when they were getting this good. For those who don't know, this is what Ashes want to sound like.

(\$3 to P.O Box 1105, State College, PA 16804-1105)

Like Dust I'll Rise Issue #5

This is a nice, well laid out zine that includes a slew of pictures, opinions, and a Chain to Thread interview. The opinions are OK but at times are poorly stated, as well as poorly spelled. A nice effort, it's worth checking out.

(\$1 to 68 Gates Mill Ct., Trenton NJ 08690)

Manor Farm #3

This tag team zine features three editors presenting three entirely different points of view. The layout is a bit rough, but the content makes up for it. Plenty of personal stories, a piece on Earth Crisis, some various music stuff, etc. This has everything. (\$2 to 711 Raritan Ave. Suite #18, Highland Park, NJ 08904)

Noneleftstanding "Laura" 7" (Rhetoric Records)

I had such high hopes for this and I'm not sure why. Musically it's similar to John Henry West or maybe Fuel, but the intensity and chaos of those bands made them good, and that is what's missing here. The lyrics are OK, although the references to material illusion and "I am not this body" sound too Shelter-y. I'll probably never listen to this. Oh well. I understand they are much better live, though. (\$3 to P.O. Box 82, Madiscon WI, 53701)

Outspoken "The Current" 7" (New Age)

Very easily this band's most mature, best sounding release to date. The music and vocals become a bit more "emo" but still maintain enough power to separate them from the schlock bands that attempt to do the same. A great record on all fronts, even the lyrics are fairly well stated- who wrote them? Go buy this. Good to see the return of "Y'all ready for this."

Pressure Point #1

Steadfast side project, this guy seems intent on being hated, even though no one seems to give a damn about what he says. This zine is huge, full of pictures and some articles that range from funny to pointless and ridiculous. I could go on and on, but I won't. "I defy your vaginas"-what the fuck? Whatever. Good to see pictures of Chorus though, esp. with the drawn on X's. (?? to 342 Forest Dr., Neptune, NJ 07753)

Sensefield "Killed For Less" (Revelation)

Yawn. I only made it through one song. Alternative rock stuff, Split Lip fans might want to check this out. Oops, I think I just dug myself another grave. This record lacks that all important street cred. Nothing spectacular.

Simba/Kill The Robot/Girlfiend issue #666

A "menage a trois" of sorts here, the sixth issue of each of these zines combined into one large issue. The quality and layout here is pretty amazing, and it was printed for real- no Kinko's job. The Girlfiend section seems to be the least interesting to me, but they are all definitely above average, with Vique's piece on mob mentality and Jason's writing (which is much more focused in this issue) being the highlights for me. Buyer beware, there are no band interviews and very few pictures. An inspiring effort on all fronts. (\$2.50 to: P.O. Box 296, Yellow Springs, OH 453870296)

Simba #7

I honestly don't understand how Vique does these so quickly, but this is yet another chapter in the saga that is Simba. If you have a voyeuristic side that enjoys peering into peoples' lives, this is probably for you. The personal "essays" are all done with a refrshing candor and honesty, and there is also a rather long piece on veganism. You probably know if you'll like this or not. I do. (Try ordering in U.S. for \$2 through Mean Kids at: P.O. Box 18119, Wash., D.C. 20036-8119)

Strain "Driven" (Heart First Records-Germany)

Good, heavy sounding hardcore done by some Canucks. I hate to say it, but I have a feeling their similarity to Undertow is more than coincidental. Still good though, I saw them live, and they were quite powerful. A 7" is also out on Overkill.

Tidbit #5

Another issue!! What a surprise. This is a smaller, more personal issue that peeks in on the life of Sine. Lots of pictures and an interview with Sensefield round it out. If this is your cup of tea you'll most likely get one soon enough. Pretty good. It's good to see Dave coming clean about his hockey obsession, JOCK! (\$2 to Tidbit Fallout Shelter, P.O. Box 5846, Huntington Beach, CA 92615-5846)

Total Chaos "Pledge of Defiance" 12" (Epitaph)

Everyone needs to see this. My god, just try and get a hold of the lyric sheet. Is this a joke? Hilarious, the drummer (I think) is named Ronald McMurder. HA!

Unbroken/Groundwork 7" (Bloodlink Records)

Well, another rather dull record, both these bands play some dull metal core type stuff. I only listened to it twice, that was enough. Both these bands are better than this, in my opinion. (\$3 to P.O. Box 252, New Gretna, NJ 08224)

Wanna Communicate? #3

This zine has character. I don't know what that's supposed to mean, but I just typed it. Interviews with Junction, Left Insane, Drive Like Jehu, Jawbreaker, Chisel, and some more stuff. The mini "i hate straight edge" comes with it. Overall this zine is good, I like it. (\$2 to Mike Simonetti, 16 Willow St. Bayonne NJ, 07002)

Withdrawal Issue #1

Pretty sraight forward sXe zine, interviews with Andrew from Strife and Iceburn, where the average response is like 7 words. The pictures came out too dark but who am I to talk. Also, despite its name this zine has nothing to do with sex. Damn. (\$2 to 3101 Charlotte St., Newbury Park, CA 91320)

show reviews

AVAIL, MANUMISSION, FLOODGATE, etc.

ok, it was a santa barbara show so i knew it'd be...well, like every show in santa barbara. in other words, not much sweaty guy dancing, no singing along, and lots of quiet people wearing dark socks and dressing like nerds they laughed at in high school. we tried to get there late, but that didn't work. me and jake made hot cocoa in the back of the room, which i found out was not a very vegan thing to do. i'm pretty sure we were single handedly supporting some awful exploitative corporation as well. some band started playing, i think it was floodgate, and their first song was "2+3+4+3+2+7=5" or somethig like that, i hate bands that can't fucking add. i'm sure there was a point to it but i didn't stick around to find out. they're pretty good, but i wasn't in the mood. so me, tony "tatoo", justin, and some girl went to eat. the girl kept talking about sex and i got scared cuz i kept trying to imagine her having sex (which is a fun thing to do to all your friends, they'll never seem as cool anymore) and it scared me. so we went back, and manumission was setting up. oh joy. this was their last show, so there was a big circle pit and...well no, but most of the crowd (40 people) seemed into it. some horrid drum machine keyboard band played too. yeah i loved it. avail started to get ready and i remembered why i sat in the back of a car for an hour to get here. this band is so good it hurts, at one point almost everyone there was grooving and jumping up and down and what not. they broke the santa barbara rule and let us sing along to "connection". i vaguely remember what sex is like but this band is much better. they can do no wrong.

RITUAL, DOC HOPPER, SHADES APART

after being in new brunswick for ten minutes, i went with mike ob (manor farm zine) to this show. we walked there, which was a bit of culture shock for my west coast blood. it was a basement show, and there were like 20 people there. the first band i saw was ritual, a moody, slower hardcore band. they would have sounded better if the guitar was, oh maybe PLUGGED IN. they were ok. next was doc hopper, who proceeded to do quite a bit of rockin' in a descendents-like manner. good stuff. shades apart was last, i can't believe they still play, they even did a song or two from their wishingwell 12". the singer's guitar kept falling off, and that provided some much needed comic relief. slower, rock sounding stuff is what they do. good to tap your foot to.

SPIRIT ASSEMBLY, ICONOCLAST, POLICY OF THREE, HOLESOT

the next day was another matinee, this time at a real life club. the first band was spirit assembly, a punchy emo outfit from PA. i liked 'em alot, apparently alot more than anyone else. some other band played next, i don't remember their name and it's not important. holeshot played next and were pretty cool, they had a rock type sound that would just break into speedy bad religion/no fx style fast parts. good to see someone still plays the fast parts. policy of three were next, they're good when they're playing actual songs but this set seemed like alot of meandering noise and facial expressions, you could tell they used to be straight edge. these two guys started kickboxing half way thru the set-YEE HAW! i was hoping to see this karate thing in action. after some pushing and shoving and a wicked left jab was thrown, they all left, muttering something about all us "pussies". ok. policy of three finally stopped playing the dreamy noise stuff (someone mentioned something about the "grateful dead of hardcore") and did a good song at the end. some guy got up and made a speech about the violence and "feeling scared" and about how he just doesn't feel safe and what not and it was really pretentious and simplistic. well, turned out the guy stayed on stage cuz he was the singer for iconclast. oops. when is this "lay down on the stage and scream really loud and annoying" thing gonna die? they were a carbon copy of ten other bands i have heard/seen. i just sat there hoping they would wrap it up. they did so eventually, one more song and i would have started that karate thing myself. it's not that they're that bad, they're just...typical? i guess.

STRIFE, MEAN SEASON, ENTITY, REMAIN

i got here in time to hear entity finishing up, they've played quite a few shows but i have yet to see them. oh well. remain played their usual later turning point style stuff, but this time a big pit broke out. huh. a good set for them nonetheless. mean season played next, they've gone through some sound changes and are really not the "hardcore" band they

used to be. they played a more wicked metal style, which everyone loved. the stage was mobbed at the end of their set. once again strife was playing last at the macondo. fortunately they played rather early, so people stuck around to see them play the best set they've done in months. mostly new stuff, they seemed really relieved to play their new songs. not too tight but hey what did you expect. plenty of energy. sold alot of zines, so it was cool i guess.

REMAIN, IGNITE, PROCESS, STRIFE, FOCUSED

i remember remain played first, i don't think anyone will ever like this band, and i don't get it because they aren't half bad. next up was ignite, with joe foster from unity, randy from pushed aside on vocals, and casey jones from justice league on drums. they're a unity sounding "old style" band that no one seemed too excited about. for the kids? focused played next, and the place went nuts. integrity-styled music with the whole jesus trip going down. yipee. they sucked, i had fun throwing shit and making devil signs in da pit. the best part was the hip hop break in one of the songs where they rattle off some saints' names. i wish i was making this up. strife played last, and it was like 1:00 a.m. so they got jacked (again). another ok set, it just seemed too late. not a good way to return from tour, i guess.

RANCID, FARISIDE, UNWRITTEN LAW

this was a real life concert in the heart of hollywood. apparently rancid are now the most popular punk band in the universe, cuz the club was easily sold out before the show even started. unwritten law played first, they were a no fx/pennywise sounding band that just sounded like they wanted to be on epitaph. ok. i spent my time tripping people in the mosh and watching people throw gang signs, something i hadn't seen in like three years. farside were next, and the crowd just didn't "connect" with them. there were toughies in the pit sitting down in disgust. they were pretty good, the pro sound quality helped them out a bit. rancid played last and the place went nuts when they walked on stage. i have honestly never heard back ups like that in my entire life. people love this band. they were pretty good, but this was a bad place to see them. the singer was wearing a leather jacket with no shirt on- man, i didn't know anyone could get away with that except for sid vicious! had to leave early, which wasn't so bad.

OUTSPOKEN, STRIFE, UNASHAMED, MEAN SEASON

this was a good old "hall" show in a rather seedy part of long beach. i got there when unashamed was doing their thing, luckily they finished up quickly. god core. strife played minus andrew this time and sounded ok, but i stayed in the back most of the evening so i missed the "action". during mean season i got into a rather lengthy debate with some christian kids that lasted through their entire set. it all started when i wrote "jesus kicks ass i the pit" on an index card in front of the crap i was selling. i was stubborn on this one, because he was in fact in the pit and doing quite well for himself if i may say so. outspoken was last so we cut the "god debate" short and watched them. they're so good now. no "survival" though. their new stuff is incredible.

FARISIDE, CHORUS, STATE OF THE NATION

this show was at a hell hole in huntington beach where they will unfortunately be having many shows this summer. too bad. on the way to the show, a flock of helicopters made an appearance above the freeway. it looked like something out of "apocalypse now". people started pulling over and getting out of their cars, and it was at this point that me and dave realized that superstar fugitive o.j.simpson was on his way up the freeway. sure enough his car blazed by shortly thereafter, followed by about 15,000 cops. YEAH! show? oh yeah... chorus played real loud and hard and i saw about five people get kicked out during their set, usually by burly men holding them in some sort of neanderthal chokehold thing. this place had more bouncers than any club i've ever been to. i heard chorus do an agnostic front cover from outside. ouch. state of the nation was next, they are a slow, crunchy band that has this weird trance like quality going for them. they focus almost exclusively on native american issues as well. rob had a cheesy stage presence but so does everyone, i guess. someone mentioned they sounded like jones very, if that gives you any point of reference. good stuff, not too exciting but engaging nonetheless. farside played last and were real good, despite the crappy sound. eight bucks is way too much, though. someone blow this place up.

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ISSUE: #4, Spring 1994

INTERVIEWS: Chain to Thread, Holedshot, Deadguy, Bleed, Three
Sung Scrolls, Spitboy.

OTHER: Record and Show Reviews, Information, Opinions,
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come and gone. It's nice to have
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THEN A CONTEMPTUOUS TONE PROCEEDS TO TELL ME FAIRYTALES AND BULLSHIT OF HOW

FROM THEM HIGH THEY FALL TO DROWN-DEMONS
CHEMICALLY TAINTED WELFARE GENERATION.

BRAIN CRISIS?

I guess somewhere along the line you decided that being a fucking cartoon character would suit you just fine. You'd be a "knight for the edge" or whatever you want to call it. To be honest, your popularity scares me, because what you represent is so ridiculous and ignorant. And it goes without questioning, for the most part. Drug abuse and drug violence are not that simple, and your half assed solution is (I hope) a joke. Any intelligent person would see the need for abuse counseling, economic opportunities in the ghettos you claim to know so much about, etc. But nooo, what's the solution? Firestorms. Burn down the neighborhoods where all the "demons crazed by greed" deal their filth. That'll clean up the "moral degradation" you don't have a fucking clue about. The sad truth is that burning every crack house to the ground will make no difference at all, because that is not where the problem lies. You deny to see the rest of the crisis. But that's irrelevant I suppose, it's more important to scream about "fuck their addiction" than anything else, right? When you fail to see the realities of cyclical poverty, genetically determined addiction, alienation on a racial and educational level, and the depressed economic conditions in most major cities, you come off looking like fools. In the foulest of moods I imagine you in two years passing around the bong in your dorm room, but that's beside the point. I just wish someone could open your eyes, to show you how to look beyond your noses (or, in some cases, your lips) and see the big picture. At this point, your solution is fascist, ridiculous, and (dare I say) racist. The all knowing white boys riding into town to "rise to their call", right? I think not. Let's grab reality with both hands this time, shall we? Thank you.

Straight edge is just not about fascism, fetuses, or firestorms. Is it that simple? Yeah, I think so.

unborn children being killed just for the
sake of some fuckers selfishness.

The Straight Edge Guide to ... **DRUG LEGALIZATION?**

Straight edge and the legalization of drugs have honestly very little to do with each other. With any luck, hopefully I can make some sort of vague connection between these two things, or at the very least waste some time and effort in doing so.

The "drug war" that has been waged in the name of Nancy Reagan, William Bennett, and various other crusaders has been a failure. America's inner cities are just as depressed and crime-ridden as they ever were, and drug use shows no measurable signs of decline. In real blunt terms, if this is really a war, we are having our asses handed to us. In any other situation, it would be a good time to wave the white flag and surrender.

But why is this so? Are we really just more "evil" now than we were forty years ago? I doubt it. The real problem lies in our national policy, and it is becoming clear the only solution or theory left is drug "peace".

Let's set the stage: it's the evening news, and you're watching the DEA show off their latest bust. Boy, it's a doozie. The cops are standing proud in front of a pile of cocaine. They even spout off some impressive statistics, claiming that they have cleaned up the streets by keeping 10 MILLION DOLLARS of illegal substances off the streets. You, like every other viewer (except for possibly the junkie next door) applaud their effort, figuring, "Hey, less drugs means less drug abuse, fewer gang problems, and decreasing street violence." Right? Wrong. The illegal drug market operates on the same economic principles as any other "business venture". Supply and demand is the name of the game, and the two are always intertwined. In the case of drugs, your demand is relatively stable (even increasing in some cases), while your supply is constantly attacked by the drug warriors, for reasons that even they cannot logically defend. Does this sound unfamiliar? OK, let's put this in its proper context. Let's say, for example, a certain California record label guru decides to sell all of his Wide Awake 7"s, somewhere in the neighborhood of 25 or so. (Keep in mind that this is a hypothetical situation, far removed from reality) He invites all the kids over to his house and says, "We'll work out the prices when you guys come over." The night before the big sale, some unscrupulous kids decided to steal all of Mike's...errr, I mean the label guy's records. So, he's in quite a jam, since there are 30 angry teenagers in his front yard wanting their records. The price was probably going to be about \$15 for each 7", but now the record "supply" is severely diminished. Our hero is pressed for rent money, so he opens the sale up to bidding, letting the "market" decide how much the records will sell for. In the end, the records go for \$30 each, since there was such an incredible demand for a record so short in supply.

Now, while this example may be rather obscure (and totally unrealistic), it illustrates the fact that supply and demand play a part in everything. And as far as drug sales go, the profits that motivate drug dealers are a direct result of our national policy. As law enforcement focuses on the "supply side" of the drug problem, the demand for drugs remains untouched, and prices skyrocket. As Doniphan Blair explained in Drug War Delusions, "American policy directly inspires drug use and the narcotics industry." Need any more proof? Pure pharmaceutical cocaine costs roughly \$3 per gram, while a 50% mixture sells on the street for about \$80 per gram. That is price gouging in effect. Thank the government.

Most people point to the problems associated with the drug world: the violence, crime, and gang problems that are by-products of the drug trade and are also directly connected to drug prices. The violence of the drug "business" is pure desperation, an attempt to cut out market competition and increase personal profits. Once again, the profit margin is to blame. As drugs are legalized and drug prices come under

control, the market for illegal drugs shrinks incredibly, and therefore the profit is gone. There is simply no reason to sell drugs anymore. The black market now reaps a profit of at least \$100 billion a year, and law enforcement spends \$10 billion a year. Both these enormous costs will virtually evaporate, or be transformed into treatment costs, or will be invested in programs to control underage drug abuse. Also, on a fairly humorous note, most of the law enforcement costs that we rack up each year are spent on the marijuana business. Yes, pot. Is that silly or what? The fact of the matter is that drug profits are what stimulates the business of selling drugs. Legalization would not be good excuse for the government to reap some great profits off of peoples' addictions, it would be a reaction to the real problems of the drug trade. It would make drugs, quite simply, not worth selling.

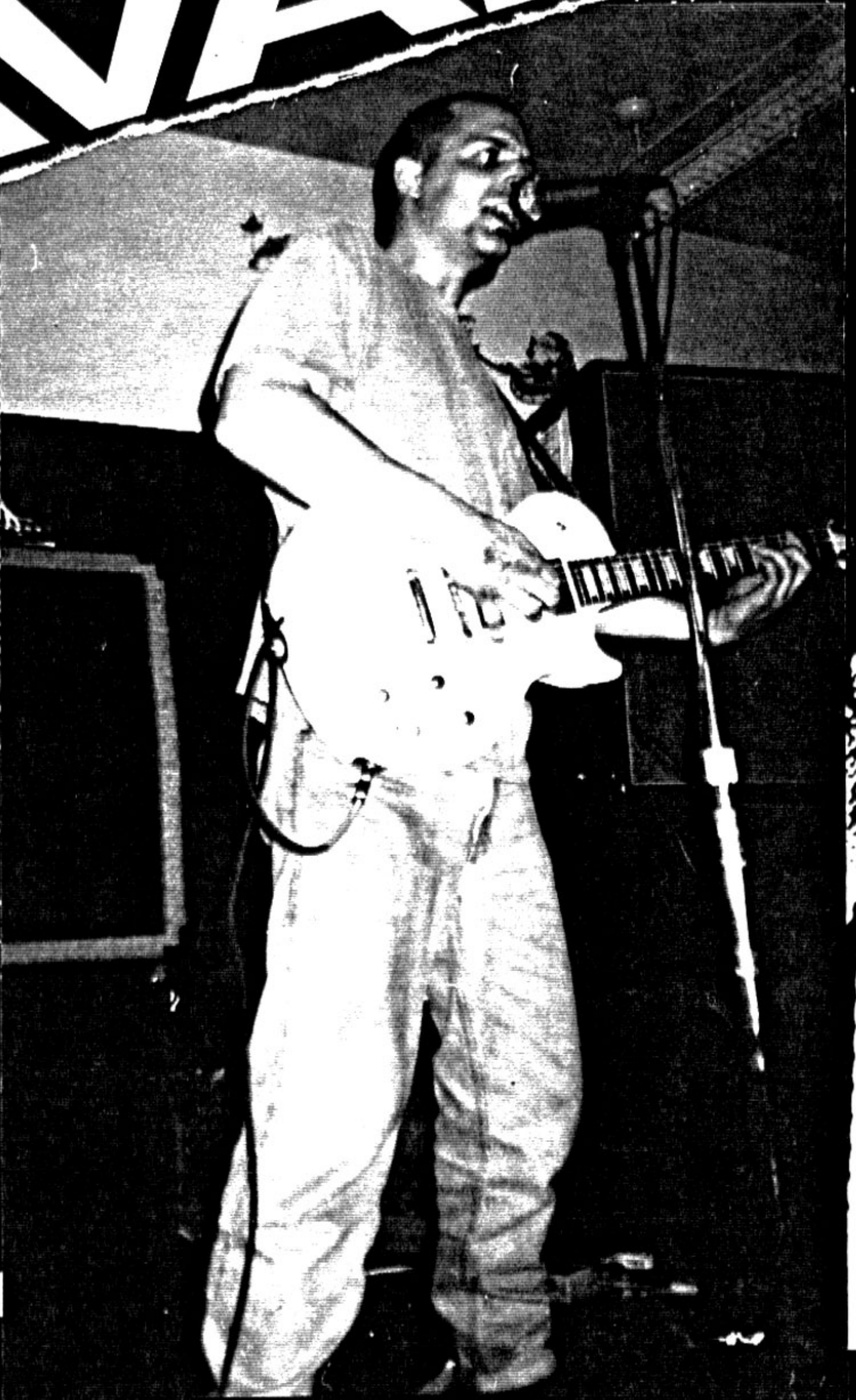
"When will you realize, do you need help?
Straight edge is something you live for yourself." --HEADFIRST
"Self Edge"

Firestorms and other worthless garbage

America has always had a strange, paradoxical "national morality" that seems to pop up when one deals with certain specific issues. Straight edge has always, for one reason or another, fancied this American value, and has always had a rather ridiculous view of drug abuse, probably due to the time frame involved. We are the products of the Just Say No era, of the tidal wave of morality that rode in and out without ever really offering any real solutions to the drug problems. These same half baked conservative ideas are especially prevalent in the straight edge scene, where drugs are "evil", "demons" sell drugs, and firestorms will purify the ghettos. Sure, there's a dose of reality. The fact is, straight edge has always attracted these kinds of ludicrous ideas. It is one thing to not do drugs, but it is another to treat drug abuse with the same kind of crusading morality, the "you drink, you suck" mentality that is blind to any of the underlying issues behind drug addiction. This is no way an endorsement of drug abuse, but a solution to the problems of drug abuse. If anything, I would hope that efforts such as this could bring about a new compassion towards drug addicts and recovery systems, instead of viewing them as pathetic losers, unworthy of life itself. Begin to care? Maybe someday.

The fact is, this is not as hair brained as it seems. Although this article in particular is rather flimsy, it is merely an overview of some of the arguments involved. I decided against going into various theories about implementing drug peace policies, because there are quite a few. For example, in Amsterdam they practice "de facto" control, where the laws are stay the same but are merely not enforced. There is a wealth of literature on this subject, so if anything maybe you might want to check this out for yourself. It is an ever-nearing possibility, given the fact that drug abuse is not going away anytime soon. The political reality of it is just as compelling, seeing that a few Congressmen have gone on record as supporting a "drug peace" policy. As well, our current Surgeon General (her name escapes me at the moment, sorry) has taken some heat from certain conservative counterparts for her blatant support and interest in drug legalization as a national health issue. Whatever your opinion, this may be a legitimate issue in the next twenty years, if not sooner. Read up.

AVAILABLE



It seems that barcodes on records and CD's have been demanding quite a bit of attention lately, especially with the decision of Heart Attack zine to not review anything with a bar code on it. As the argument goes now, certain individuals see the presence of barcodes as a sign of commercialization, of a buying out process going on in the hardcore scene. It is, in effect, a corporate "seal of approval" of sorts. And while I can sympathize with the argument and understand where it's coming from, I can honestly say that I don't care what kinds of thin black lines appear on record sleeves, whether they are vertical, horizontal, or zig zag. There is never a single, common reason that they are used, and that is what makes the argument a little weak. Some labels go through Dutch East for distribution, in which case the codes are used in order to keep track of their "inventory". Now, if that sounds crass and business minded...hell, maybe it is. So what. Other labels deal with so many different "mom and pop" stores and sell so many records that bar codes are necessary to prevent the headaches that could result from trying to keep track of 10,000 LP's on a sheet of notebook paper. In either case, I think it's a matter of organization. You simply cannot logically compare distributing 1,000 of your friend's bands' 7" with doing 5,000 LP's and just as many CD's at one time. The underground scene, very simply, works on different levels.

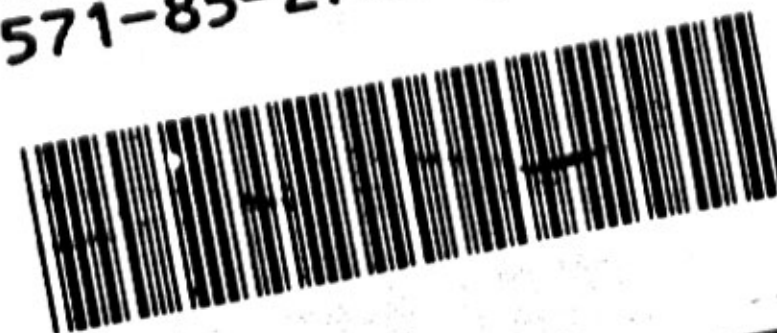
I guess the other point is this: What are we missing here? What really threatens "hardcore" music? I can think of other, more visible problems. Ultra slick packaging that neglects "content", re-hashed sounds and lyrics, mediocre half assed metal, and the acceptance (and in some cases, the welcoming) of views and values that can be considered nothing short of right wing young republican bullshit are much more glaring, pressing issues. When hardcore becomes nothing more than a microcosm of American society, when what it shares with the rest of the world is more significant than what it offers as an "alternative", it is finished. But as far as barcodes go, their importance and relevance is overshadowed by the commercialization and fragmentation of hardcore music. The absence of anything exciting, emotional, stimulating, or inspiring is what will kill hardcore. But bar codes? Please...

This is my old school ID. It has a barcode on the front. When I go to register, they can scan this into the computer and process my schedule faster. I don't feel like it "compromises my identity", I think it makes registration that much more efficient. Good.

Los Angeles

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STUDENT
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a funny thing happened to me one day at school. then it happened the next day...and the next day... and the next day...

you see, for one reason or another i was never particularly sociable at my community college, probably because i saw it as an unholy extension of high school. when people would ask if i went to school, would tell them, "yeah, i'm in 14th grade at the moment..."

anyway, my demeanor was always a bit moody (at best), and as a result i was usually walking by myself, shuffling off to my next class in a rather business-like manner. the thing is, i started to notice a frightening trend developing. the first day it was an innocent, acne prone boy that approached me and asked if i'd like to "stop by the bible study group". i laughed it off and made sure he watched me throw away his flyer. the next day it was a different kid, only with the same message (and a clearer complexion). it became a bit of a routine, various members of the Christ crew approaching me at school asking if i'd like to come and join them. it honestly started to irk me, until i watched them operate from afar one day. they seemed to approach a specific kind of person: quiet, single students who don't appear too enthused. it all became clearer as i listened to what they had to say. they were not really interested in sharing salvation, they offered friendship, a place to belong. i noticed this trend in my neighborhood as well. there is a pretty large spanish speaking population, and the door to door jehovah's witnesses have begun to specifically seek out this "group" and offer them this same kind of comfort. it was pretty funny, on my way home from work one night they approached a "target" individual and started speaking spanish to him. he brushed them off, and they continued after him. again he didn't respond, but they pressed on. finally, disgusted with their insistence, he wheeled around and said "why don't you try speaking to me in english?" i've never seen anyone that shocked in my life.

i have a problem with these kinds of offers, this kind of "friendship baggage" that comes along with religious teachings. it compels people to join for the sake of comfort, for the companionship that is offered. that compromises all of the spiritual purity people claim to be looking for. i guess "lie" is a tad strong, so how about...deception?

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Can you
see the good
in suffering?

uhhh.....

no.

i don't

appreciate

the value

of rationalizing people's

suffering. sorry.

(sitting on the grass one day)

HER: Don't you believe in God?
around you.

ME: This is all God?

HER: Yes.

ME: That's not God, that's grass."

DON'T

KNOW

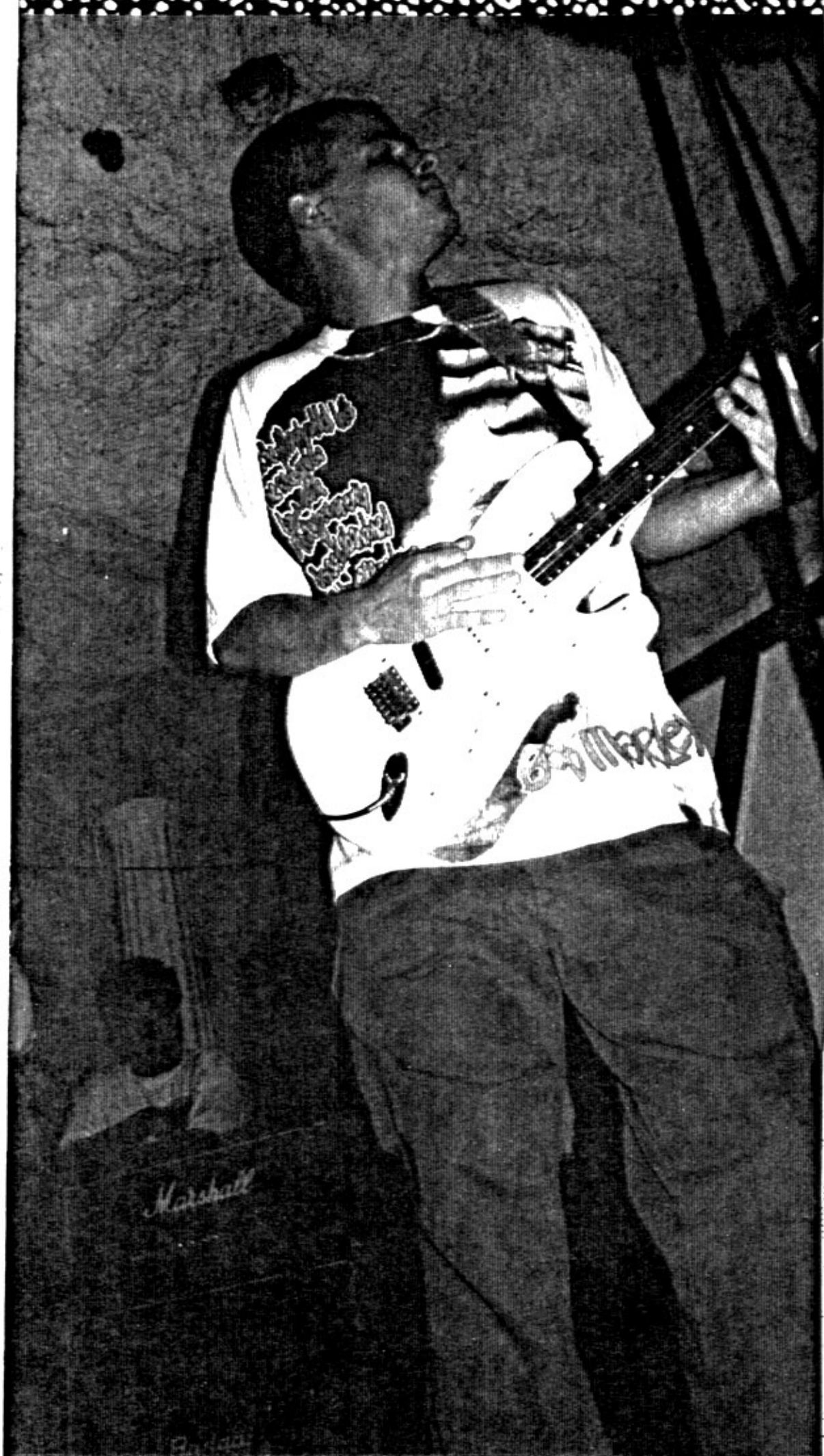
SHIT



there are just certain times when the craving for ice cream does not obey normal time constraints. god bless the 24 hour supermarket. the only real distinguishable sound in the whole market is the snoring of the unarmed security guard. a woman was raped in the parking lot about a month ago, i'm sure this man must've been working that night.

so i'm line (10 items or less) behind a man in a "shut up bitch" tank top and in front of a guy who decided that a shirt and pair of shoes would just be too much trouble. it seemed to suit him fine, he had more hair on his back than i had on my head. i enjoy the whole situation until i realize that i did not exactly come "dressed to kill", and the "i've fallen and i can't reach my beer" slogan that is emblazoned across my chest must make me look like quite the white trash posterboy. so the guy in front of me is taking quite a bit of time deciding whether he wants 2 bags of chips and one six pack or one bag of chips and two six packs. i quietly vote for the extra six pack, god knows we all need something to take the edge off the day. It struck me that this place must be a magnet for the lonely. A casual look around reveals that everyone is buying the same things- alcohol, pork rinds, ice cream or any other kind of borderline nourishment that serves as nothing more than a source of relief. we're here because junk food=happiness, it provides some kind of basic physical pleasure. places like this remind me that i honestly don't know shit, that "we" don't have shit to think about. these people are the alienated, the products of substandard education and a steady diet of numb television. life has decided to pass them all by, or is in the process of doing so. i don't think there is anything sadder than meeting a person who knows their life is zero, that they have affected nothing, accomplished nothing, and done nothing. i realize that the worst "we" ever feel is mild anxiety, or maybe some kind of mild depression. outside it's no different, a mini truck drives by and all the guys yell "HOOCHIES" at the girls in the parking lot. it amazes me to what extent we'll go to in order to feel like we matter, like we're not alone. the girls smile back, content in knowing that they were noticed, that someone gave a shit. cuz they know this is the only time they'll feel like this, and that is a fucking tragedy. and i can't believe how silly we get, all the "hate" and "venom" expressed by upper middle class white people is so phony. we worry about things that really don't mean shit. i plead guilty.

STATE OF THE NATION.



iceburn

i listen to talk radio alot (too much), and this charming man came on one night...

D I A R Y O F A H O M O P H O B E

"....what happened was we kicked fag butt from one end of that bay area to the other end. and our message was spread all across the united states. i haven't had as much fun since june 26th, when we picketed the big fag parade i new york city. we were preaching to the fags. don't you understand what a great thing it is for all the fags in the world to come to one place to hear my preaching? the idea is not to convert 'em, it is to warn them to flee the wrath that will come, and to remind them that they're going straight to hell, and to remind this country that if we don't stop letting these fags have their way, this country's going to be destroyed, just like ancient sodom was destroyed. our purpose is not to change the minds the minds of these fags, but to preach god's truth to them."

on his recent negative media coverage: "the fags control the media, that is why we have to take to the strets with signs. i represent the lord god almighty, and that is always in the minority."

(answering a caller) "you are a dribbler. you've been tasking it up the rump so long that the cells in your brain have dribbled down to your rectum. have you never heard of the dribblers? they tear their sphincter mysclcs from all that anal copulating that god never intended mankind to do."

"bill clinton is the antichrist. that wicked antichrist in the white house has done more to promote sodomy in one year than all the other presidents before him. they want us to stand up and applaud them when they anally copulate."

"the word has gone has gone out: every time some famous fag dies, and they don't hide him (cuz these fool fags hide them), we're gonna be there picketing his funeral..."

----The Most Reverend Frederick Phelps, 7/12/94
3701 West 12th St., Topeka, KS 66604

D I A R Y O F A H O L Y M A N

Always be wary of those wielding the truth. It is not a truth they wish to share with you, it is a truth they will beat you with, and a truth they just might kill you with. Never believe a fucking word of it, I swear to God it does you no good.

Movement?

it get to do
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a .30-
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yes do y
girl in th

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They'd rathe
the eye. And
ge and and the
the bitch. Bu
ed by them."

shooting has ended, and Rick
and is relaxing in a back office. They like

if you happened to get a copy of issue one, i included a thing called "bar wars". i read the article four or five times to get a really good feel for it, and i decided to print it in an as open-ended manner as possible. i simply did not feel like it was necessary to write about the evils of an oppressive, male dominated society where entertainment comes at such a high price. anyone can write about the sexism of the article and the sickness of the actions that were described (in brief, it is a strip bar where they fire uzi style water guns at the dancers, aiming for...well, just use your imagination). i figured that so many people just ooze compassion, it would not be necessary to include anything about sexism, or to reprint downcast lyrics, or anything of that nature. i simply decided to play with the idea of letting people decide for themselves. huh.

i got a rather intelligent, well stated letter about it, questioning why i did not preface the article with some sort of statement of my own, and basically mentioned that i should have included some sort of strong message to go along with the article. i agree in a sense, but that's just a bit too simplistic. i had more fun gauging peoples' reactions to it, which ranged from nothing at all, to intelligent commentary like "dude, that's gnarly." whatever. that's everyone's prerogative. take things as you like. for myself, the article was rather straight forward. it was not about "woman equals object", it was "woman equals target". it was about vietnam vets being urged to shoot guns at women to make up for insecurities they have about their battle field heroics. it was about working out your aggression on a fairly neutral "target". it was a commentary on the sometimes blurred lines between sexuality and violence. whether or not this is initiated by society's programming is unclear, i have seen some rather brutal animal behavior that has suggested to me that there may unfortunately be a violent, domineering aspect of our nature. i am not in any way excusing such behavior, nor am i urging all males to find a water gun and aim for the nearest woman. this was a specific case of some rather sick behavior that made some readers chuckle and made others physically ill. but to make a general statement about "men" or anything else would be jumping too far ahead to a conclusion, just for the sake of making a point. and yes, this kind of entertainment points to the same gender problems that we should always consider, but did someone have to point that out to you? who had to figure it out for you? i would hope you did that on your own, which is what i was leaving people to do. and, from the responses i got, most people really didn't care much. go figure. i guess my point is this: sexual violence must (obviously) end, but i just don't know if pornography or strip bars, or anything else for that matter, is "to blame".

plate
an.
te
ter.
and
ring
rough
her
bar
ature

Brandy stands stark still,

ne ba
ck
ing
all
en's
seat
at Br

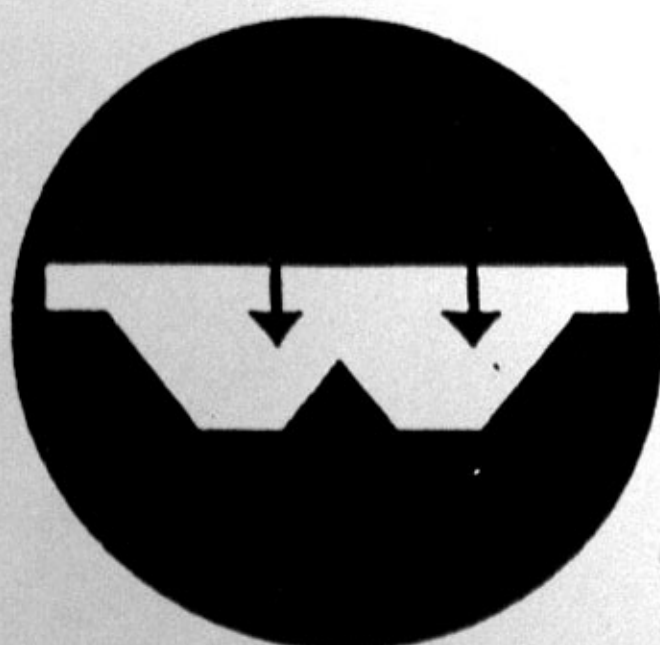
sparkmarker



crybaby

crybaby

...i've never been big on blind faith and now i (think i) know why. cuz in the end i keep wanting to believe in some sort of silly retribution, where the "bad" people will finally get what's coming to them. what goes around comes around? when? i keep waiting and watching and i know that all those people get exactly what they want in life. i wait for things to "come around" and it's just not gonna happen. have faith in the fact that your "enemies", that represent all you supposedly despise, will most likely succeed in life. their evil and wicked ways will go largely unpunished. there will be no time for them to suffer. what comes around goes around? no way. i get off watching you try to rationalize the situation and put some faith in things that will never happen. the meek shall inherit zero. karma is a lie. see you next time.



Wrong Fanzine
Fellowship of Non-Believers

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